

HISTORIC WALLS MUST FALL

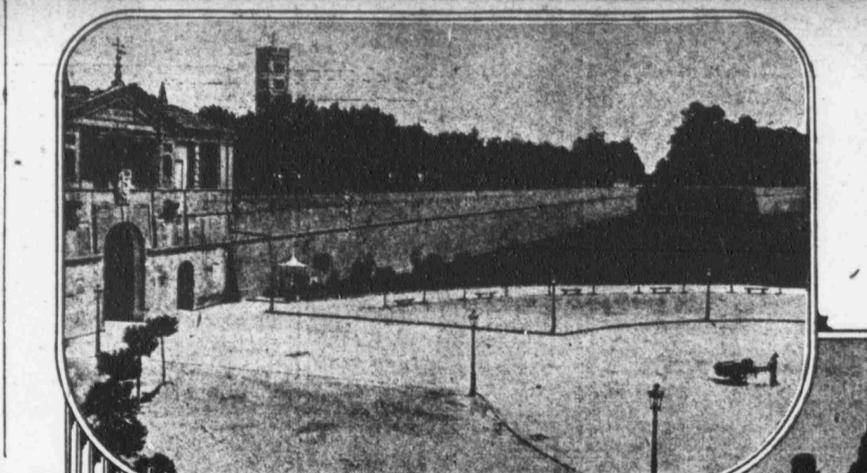
REAL ESTATE BOOM MAY OVERTHROW LUCCA'S DEFENCES.

They Were a Century a-Building and Were Called Impregnable—Modern Ideas in Rome to Destroy the Ancient Fortifications of the City—Too Many Monuments.

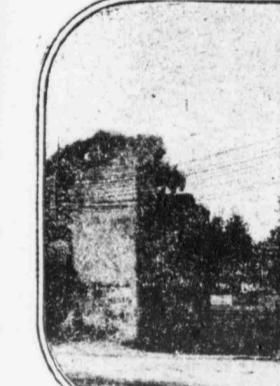
Rome, Jan. 8.—Destruction threatens the walls of Lucca, once deemed an impregnable defence. Destruction threatens the walls of Rome, which have defied the assaults of time and barbarians.

The walls of Lucca took a century to build, from 1544 to 1645, a score of the most celebrated military engineers of the time directed the construction, and they cost a million scudi. The best artillery was used to test their strength and solidity, and after each trial they were altered and partly rebuilt until they were rendered perfect and impregnable, and such they were admitted to be by the celebrated Vauban.

Naturally as a modern fortification the walls of Lucca are useless, but as they have remained intact for about three centuries one might suppose that no effort would be spared for their future careful preser-



MAIN GATE, PORTA S. PIETRO, AND PORTION OF LUCCA'S WALLS.



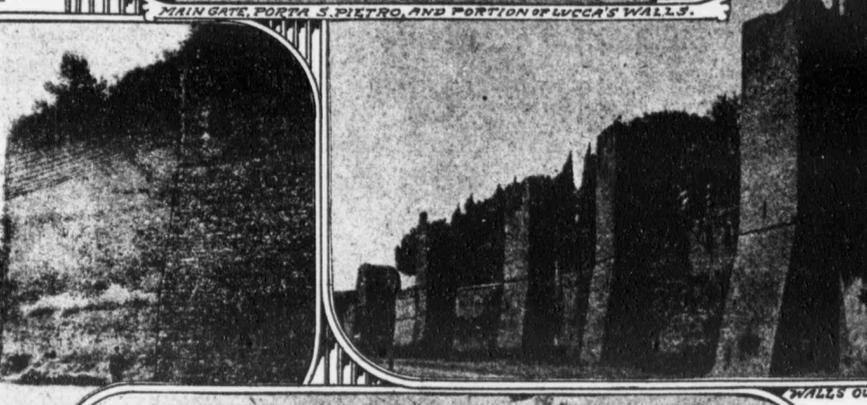
WALLS OF AURELIAN, ROME.

tion. Yet these old historic walls which form the chief attraction of Lucca to-day seem now doomed to destruction, and even if saved from being pulled down altogether they will gradually be reduced to ruins.

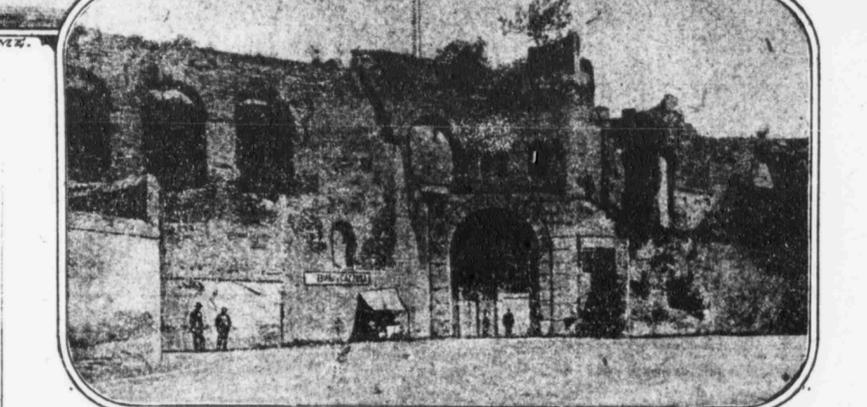
The municipality of Lucca proposed in 1905 to open a breach in the walls for the passage of a tramway line. The inhabitants of modern Italian towns are in the habit of disregarding everything relating to the past, provided that by so doing they are enabled to obtain what they call modern improvements. Lucca is a small and sleepy place, and tramways would be entirely out of place in it. Still, as larger towns had tramways Lucca wanted a tramway too.

The question became one of national prominence. The Ministry of Public Instruction opposed the proposal to make a breach in the walls; the municipality protested that the walls were the property of Italy to do as they pleased. Carlucci, the poet; Puccini, the composer, who is a native of Lucca; Bori, Pascoli and other men prominent in literature, archaeology and art added their opposition to the Government's and the walls were saved.

Only for a short time, however. The desire to have a tramway has evidently been forgotten by the good people of Lucca, but not that to rip open their old walls. Instead of a tramway this time it is a suburb and instead of a breach a gate is demanded. The suburb is called Sant' Anna and consists of a few farmhouses. Its inhabi-



WALLS OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S GATE, ROME.



PORTA PINGIANA OR BELLSARIA, ROME.

tants do not exceed a couple of thousand, but it is held by the municipal authorities that they would increase and the suburb would become an industrial centre were the distance between it and the town diminished. The walls are in the way, of course, so the municipality proposes to open a gate, a new gate only two hundred yards away from the old one of San Donato, and thus afford a short cut to the inhabitants of Sant' Anna.

It has been pointed out that as the new gate will be further away from the market in all probability the old existing one will continue to be preferred, but that does not seem to matter. The Government opposes the project, prominent men are writing against it, but the municipality of Lucca insists on the new gate.

One fine day the gate will be opened, other gates leading to equally insignificant suburbs and hamlets will follow, and the

unique belt of masonry that now surrounds the old town will gradually disappear and be left to crumble to ruin and dust, which seems to be the inevitable fate of every ancient monument in Italy.

Lucca has set the example to Rome, where the new popular and democratic municipality, led by a man of roving life and composed of Socialists and Republicans, few of whom are genuine Roman citizens, is eager to destroy the old in order to make

room for the modern. The remains of the walls of Rome, which were erected in seven successive periods, by kings, emperors and popes, to fortify the city, are now doomed to disappear. The walls were carefully preserved even in the darkest periods of the Middle Ages.

It is proposed to pull down the walls of Aurelian, between the Porta Flaminia or Belisaria, built by and named after the Byzantine General and the scene of his exploits during his defence of the city against the Goths in 537, and the Porta Salaria of Honorius, injured by the Italian bombardment of September 20, 1870, and rebuilt in modern style by Vespignani. Here the walls are in good preservation and the only perfect tower is found out of the 381 originally in the circuit.

The reason assigned for the destruction

THE PIPER OF PARK TURNPIKE.

All Follow Him, Though Naught Be Gains Than These From Their Feet.

"From Frankfurtstrasse along the Boulevard des Capucines, Rue de Valenciennes and thence by the Park Turnpike to the Point Brooklyn is a line of march, a passer, if you follow me, Fernando, wherein and on and at are more fakars, grafters, queer thinkers, vendors, beggars, ransackers, cats, omelets, rubes, pirates, sharks, geniuses, genials, holdovers, caaks, scouts, touts and nomadic dealers than can be encountered passing the same given number of kilometres this side of the Paris' balcony."

"I faint would have you attend, list and ponder whilst I recall the days of your more or less innocent youth, O Fernando!" "Doest remember the tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin?" "Sdeath, but Bobby Browning was little Truopost when he writ that classic for Master Macready."

"Come, let us stand in the lee of your gray fortress, topped and turreted by the flag of our country and the uses of the post office, the while I render you my riddle."

"Observe: Across the Turnpike you see two currents of humanity meet, mingle, foam and crest, curl fretfully over the curb and spill into the highway to dodge the changing electric car, honking auto, dashing newspaper cart and banging mail wagon."

You note that those streams are composed of men, women and typewriting girls; of busy, hurried, anxious and eager men, women and typists rushing to and from their lunches, to and from the pancake parlor, the free delights of the dil pickle counter, the griddleleaks grill, the haunting cave of Hahn, where soft music and soft and hard beverages set as anaesthetics the while lurchers are amputated from the ultimate layers of their rolls.

"Do these people stop? Do they linger, tarry, loiter or dawdle over the blandishments of those who vend candy, peanuts, literature from the top shelves, figs, collar buttons, dates and umbrella bands; who shout the praise of postal cards, almanacs and lemonade; who tout for weighing machines, canned music and penny in the slot drama?"

"Not so. They hurry on. They rush. With tumultuous haste they hike and disregard such sentiments. Observe, Fernando, that where the writer was on their way."

"But hush! Hark! Aye, boy, hearken! Hear'st thou not the dim but inspiring call of the nomadic pedler of the pipe, the pleasing plaint of the hawkler of the near habufty? Here he comes! Happy blunderer of my tale; golden throated herald of my play!"

"Look, the people hesitate! See, the multitude waver, the sea and sand many rubber, pause and smile and nod, by thousands take notice. They are expectant, aroused, alert. Fernando, they are on the job!"

"Come, the piper! Come! The majesty of the bluecast emblem of the brass buttoned bellman, a capacious stomachached cop. See the piper skin the corner of the blue, see him keep in the middle of the road; his trained eye, his saucy optic ever on the cop, as his useful lip, his compelling lip is ever on the pipe. O Fernando, see where the piper and his!"

"But the people! Aye, boy, the pee-pee! Now the opposing streams cease to struggle! To strive, to pass, to come, by thousands they come! They back up, dam up, form a mighty reservoir of thrilled and tingling humanity as the piper pipes. They surge, like waves they dash forward upon the piper, they take from their pockets, their jeans, their handbags, delved and minted metal, the short bit, the dime; they bargain counter, rub, trade, barter, eager for the pipes, the wares of the piper, who deftly disposes of his wares, his pipes; yet piping, yet watchful of the cop."

"Agony! See the copper spool—this spied piper! He approaches, he waltzes aside with his baton of authority the struggling purchasers of the pipes and speaks in tones of thunder the doomful decree: "Gwan!"

FOUR TREES.

What They Were in Fancy, and What They Turned Out to Be in Fact.

"I have always loved trees," said a man who lives in the suburbs, "and when I lived in the city I always thought that if ever I moved out I should get a place big enough so that I should own, and in whose companionship I should find a pleasure, as I should also in seeing them grow."

"Well, in the course of time I did move out, and on my new place there was one stretch where there was ample room for four trees, and I decided on just where I would plant them when I got them, and in my mind's eye I already saw them there and growing."

"It so happened that soon after I moved out I paid a little visit to a friend who has a country estate at some distance from the city, a fine estate on which he has many trees, and some of these were of a kind which pleased my fancy, and I confided to him that I was going to set out about four trees on the place I had just got in the suburbs and that I thought I should choose trees of these sorts that I had seen on his place that I particularly admired. And really I was glad to see them growing as I did there, for they helped me in deciding on the kind of trees I would get."

"The next day after I got home, while I was thinking that now I must get out and buy those trees, I received from my friend this surprising despatch: "Have this day shipped you by express four trees."

"And to say that that despatch was surprising is really understating my feelings when I read it. I don't need to tell you how greatly pleased I was over my friend's kindness in sending me the trees, but this seemed to me like a pretty large shipment. No," he said in the despatch that he was sending me four trees."

"I immediately figured them in my mind, being four regular trees of my friend's kind, and he was sending these trees not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"But the next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

"The next day after that, while I was still waiting to hear from that car company, to my surprise, an express wagon, an ordinary express wagon, drove up to my door and the driver got down and went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out a bundle, and he was sending these trees, not by freight but by express, a carload of trees so big that their roots and tops stuck out at the ends of the car maybe. I imagined the express company running that car on a siding here and then notifying me that they had a carload of trees waiting my order, and then I fancied myself hiring trucks to haul those trees to my place."

RHODES SCHOLAR COMPLAINS

A WARNING OF TIME HE CALLS HIS THREE YEARS AT OXFORD.

Forced into Debt by the High Cost of Living at the English University and Little Better Off in Point of Knowledge Than He Was Before He Entered.

Much has been written about the pleasing experiences of the Rhodes scholars in Oxford, and the success of American students in athletics in the English university also has had its fair share of notice. The experiences of one returned Rhodes scholar, one of the very first to go, who has finished his three years of work or play at Oxford, are interesting as showing another and possibly a more important side of the case.

This man, it may be said by way of introduction, was one of the foremost athletes in his American university, and was at the same time a very high standard student in the classics. He qualified to receive his bachelor's degree in the American institution in three years, and when it came to a vote for the Rhodes scholarship he was selected without question.

In about every way he came up to the qualifications suggested by Cecil Rhodes, that in the selection of a student "regard shall be had to his literary and scholastic attainments; his fondness for and success in many outdoor sports, such as cricket, football and the like; his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship, and his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."

Now at the end of three years this man has returned to this country declaring that he believes that the Rhodes scholarship is a bad institution and that American college men cannot expect to profit much by it. He has returned to this country heavily in debt for one thing and for another little better off in the point of scholarship attainments than when he left, he says.

It may be conjectured that he did not improve his opportunities, but those who know him say that he more than offset any other man who has been sent over would be likely to get out of the institution the best that was to be had. At the time he left this country he was not likely because of his early training to be extravagant and furthermore was far seeing enough to know that he could do himself real good only by earnest work at Oxford.

He said recently, in speaking of the time that he spent at Oxford, that he considered it to be three years of his life wasted. "Although the university gives the Rhodes scholar the right to name a list of colleges, in order of preference, with which he wishes to be enrolled, this does not end the matter," he said. "The final choice is with the officers of the university."

"In my own case the college picked out for me was one which bore the reputation of being the most expensive of all. It was plain to me after no great time that \$1,500 a year, the allowance made under the Rhodes fund to each scholar, would not be nearly enough. The various expenses that had to be met merely through being in the particular college in which I was registered were such that this sum easily was wiped out."

"As a whole the cost of living in a university like Oxford is much greater than in an American university. The class of men entering the large universities in England is different from the college class of men in the United States. They are universally men of greater income and they do not have to pay such close attention to the matter of their expenditures."

"When first I started for Oxford I had an idea that \$1,500 measured by the scale of living in an American university would be ample. The circular of the scholarship fund furnishes warning, however, to those who will heed it. It says:

"The sum of £300 is no more than is necessary to cover the expenses of the year, including vacations as well as term. A scholar must not therefore count on his scholarship leaving any margin—least of all in his first year, in which, owing to unavoidable initial payments, expenses are heaviest. It is essential that a scholar should start his life in Oxford unhampered by debt. It is even desirable, in view of initial expenses, that he should if possible arrive with £25 or so to his credit."

"In spite of all that I found soon that the various living expenses which I could not avoid were too much. Soon I found myself forced to borrow money."

"My parents were not persons of wealth, but they assisted me as much as possible. I found that \$7,000 was nearer what I needed than \$1,500, and I doubt if there are many men in American colleges who spend that sum for a year's education in the expensive dormitories and living quarters of Oxford."

"It must be remembered that I did not throw my money away and I did not dissipate. As far as the money question is concerned, I have found Oxford a handicap on my future life. I have these debts to get off and my education points no particular way in which to rid myself of them."

"That is because I devoted myself in Oxford, as I had in my American college, to the study of the classics. That is about all that Oxford has to offer. The scientific courses I do not consider to be comparable with those in many American institutions."

"And what is more, I find after three years in Oxford, regardless of diligence or pursuit of learning, that I have not advanced markedly in my work. I do not consider that three years of time are worth what I received by spending them in Oxford."

"I cannot help but say that on other sides the stay at Oxford was most pleasant. The Americans are treated there with consideration and courtesy by the English students, and everything that is to be done to make them feel at home is done in a quiet way."

"The scholars are not patronized and they are made to feel that they are part of the college. Still I cannot now feel that I have done myself any great good by spending three years in Oxford."

VISITORS IN PARIS.

Nearly Two Million Arrivals and Departures in the City of Light in a Year.

According to the police figures Paris has the largest floating population in the world. In January 128,000 visitors came to the city and 130,000 departed.

In February and March there was a drop, but the number went up again in April and May. In the latter month the arrivals were 168,000 and 181,000 visitors left the city.

In June the number dropped again, but in July those who came and went were alike 187,000 in round numbers. September brought 167,000 arrivals and there were 168,000 departures. The maximum was in October, when the number either way was more than 201,000.

November was about the same as September, with departures in a large majority, and December, it is estimated, will be about like January. The total arrivals and departures for the entire year is estimated at not far from 1,750,000. The transients are accommodated by 11,530 hotels and boarding houses.

IS IT ABE VAN RIPER'S BEAR?

A MAN WANTS WOOD PITTS TO PAY HIM THAT \$40.

The Bear Amused Goshen While People Hunted for the Key to the Pen Until Billy Taggart Left the Door Open and a Stranger Insisted on Being Shown.

GOSHEN, N. Y., Jan. 18.—A man who arrived on the Pine Island train the other day hurried over to the office of the St. Elmo Hotel as if he was afraid he might forget what he had come for.

"I have come in to see Wood Pitts," said he. "I want Wood Pitts to show me that \$40. Then I'll send him up the Abe Van Ripper bear, O. D. But I'll have to send the bear up dead. Dead or alive, though, Wood Pitts said it would win the forty."

It was quite a spell before Landlord Fred Hoek could say a thing, he was so taken aback. When he did find words he exclaimed: "Well, of all things!"

And it was natural that he should have said something like that, for in five years since Wood Pitts discovered the escape of the Abe Van Ripper bear from the back of the hotel, offered \$40 for its return, dead or alive, and then went far away himself—way over to Connecticut or somewhere down East.

Time has scarcely yet plugged up the big hole the going away and never coming back of that bear dug in Goshen's gladness. Echoes of the disappointment that sat down heavy on all the neighborhood when that ursine exodus got noised about are heard to this day as citizens thereof come in and sighing say:

"Just to think! We couldn't get to see him now, not even if we should happen to get hold of the key to his pen!"

And say what you may, Billy Taggart has the blame for it all. Billy Taggart was County Clerk then, and—but, first, Abe Van Ripper grew that bear from a cub. Abe, prompted by Charley Dunning, at the time clerk of the Orange county Board of Supervisors, was wont to make known, that bear originated in a cave that lay deep in the bowels of Sam's Point, the lofty Gibraltar-like outcrop of the Shawangunk Mountains, over the border line in Ulster county.

Roaming one day over the summit of Sam's Point, picking blackberries, so he said, Abe Van Ripper tumbled into that cave and found the cub bear there. Abe was then the man behind the applejack counter at the Occidental Hotel in Goshen, and the public never knew he had brought the bear to Goshen and looked it up in a pen back of the hotel until one day Charley Dunning, there being present representatives of various rural constituencies, asked him how his bear was getting along.

The bear was getting along fine; growing like a weed. But he had to keep it locked up in its pen for fear some one might steal it, Abe said. Then bear talk followed between

Charley and Abe, until an eager and curious visitor in town asked to see the bear.

Then Abe remembered that Doc Wadsworth had borrowed the key to the pen and hadn't brought it back. Would the eager one mind going up to the Surrogate's office and getting the key from Doc?

Not at all. He went, but Doc Wadsworth had let the County Clerk have the key only a little while before. If the eager citizen, though, would run right across the street to the County Clerk's office he would get it.

He ran across, and as luck would have it the Sheriff had borrowed the key from the County Clerk. But the Sheriff's office was only just over in the court house, and if the citizen would hurry over there the Sheriff would oblige him with the key, as he hadn't gone with it yet.

But just to think! The Sheriff had let Supervisor Dan Thompson send the key to the County Clerk's office. The supervisor had only a minute before gone up the street, and if the eager one would hurry he would catch him.

Hunt as he might, however, he couldn't find Supervisor Dan Thompson, and he went back to Abe disappointed for it couldn't have gone wrong. He expressed so much sorrow for the citizen and was so hot in his indignation against the inconsiderate borrowers of the key that the citizen bought the key for \$40.

From then on the news of the Abe Van Ripper bear that had come from the depths of Sam's Point spread through the county. If it had been anybody else it couldn't have won greater fame.

But persistent fate marked for its own the stranger in Goshen who sought sight of it in its pen. The bear pen key seemed ever given over to the custody of some one who had lent it to some one else and never could be got back in time for use before the eager applicant for it had to leave town. But the joy the Abe Van Ripper bear scattered about Goshen, so selfish is the possession of a sure thing, seemed to lose none of its bulk through the disappointment with which the elusive bear pen key ever filled the bosoms of its unsuccessful chasers.

So it went along. At last Abe Van Ripper resolved to go down into Jersey somewhere, there to pass his declining years. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

They in time fell to the custody of young Wood Pitts, then in charge of the St. Elmo Hotel. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

They in time fell to the custody of young Wood Pitts, then in charge of the St. Elmo Hotel. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

They in time fell to the custody of young Wood Pitts, then in charge of the St. Elmo Hotel. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

They in time fell to the custody of young Wood Pitts, then in charge of the St. Elmo Hotel. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

They in time fell to the custody of young Wood Pitts, then in charge of the St. Elmo Hotel. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

They in time fell to the custody of young Wood Pitts, then in charge of the St. Elmo Hotel. The bear and its traditions he bequeathed to the St. Elmo Hotel.

But the post office was only a few doors up the street. If the stranger would just as soon—why, certainly, but some one from the Town Clerk's office had got the key from the fellow at the post office. From the Town Clerk's office the stranger traced the key by many and various relays to Billy Taggart, the County Clerk, and Billy Taggart had gone off to Newburgh and taken it with him.

When the stranger from Rundle's Curve returned to the hotel and reported to Wood Pitts there was a look in his eye and a nervous quiver in the big fist he placed on the counter that somehow caused Wood to hug the far side of his alleyway and take a little.

"What that means me!" said he. "But rather than disappoint you I'll go out and draw the haap on the bear pen lock and let you have a look at him anyhow."

"Wood Pitts went out the back way, and by and by a came back in a hurry and all excited. "If Billy Taggart didn't go and leave that bear pen door open, and the Abe Van Ripper bear has got away."

Somehow or other, though, the queer look stayed right in the stranger's eyes, and his fist quivered more than ever as he remarked in an unmistakably positive way: "I'm a patient fellow, as you might know, me a waitin' for the \$37 Erie train and Pitts' time 'most here, but missin' the seein' of that bear has put me out so that when I come down here week from Saturday if he hasn't been overtook and brought back with the key of his pen, I'll be right on my trail. I want to tell you now that if you ain't carryin' a tolerable good haft of insurance ag'in accidents and such mind that you get some, fer I'll make the come in handy for you after I git through askin' you the reason fer why!"

And the \$37 train, having somehow got along by that time, the man from Rundle's Curve went out and climbed aboard.

Then it was that Wood Pitts, to show his good faith to the man from Rundle's Curve, sent out notices offering \$40 for the return of the Abe Van Ripper bear, dead or alive; but the man from Rundle's Curve sent down word that offers of \$40 were all right, but would that bear be in its pen when he come down of a Saturday and the key to the bear pen be hangin' on its nail? So Wood Pitts sent away off to Connecticut or somewhere down East.

And see what happened to Billy Taggart. When he came up to be elected County Clerk again, having four times gone in by a rotating majority, didn't folks turn to and beat him out of his boots? Blamed him for letting the Abe Van Ripper bear get away, and straightway gave him his.

Times haven't been the same in Goshen since Billy Taggart left the bear pen door open to the dire disappointment of the man from Rundle's Curve, which put the Abe Van Ripper bear and its custodian out of the hill, so when the man who came in on the Pine Island train the other day and sought the key to the stranger that he was a man from Rundle's Curve, up on the far slope of the Shawangunks, and that he was waiting for the \$37 train on the Erie.

"Oh, you've got plenty of time for the \$37 Erie train," said the sympathetic citizen. "It ain't hardly 4:30 yet. Why don't you go over to the hotel and have a look at the Abe Van Ripper bear?"

The man from Rundle's Curve said he would, and the Goshen Good Samaritan took him over to Wood Pitts and asked for the key to the bear pen.

"There it is again," said Wood. "A feller from the post office came in and got it about an hour ago. Nobody ever brings that key back."

"Well, sir," said the man, coming straight to business. "That bear had been botherin' me down in my part of Jersey ever since early last fall, when he come down to the Sucker Pond district and began to cut up his diddos. See what he done to Jack Cole's."

"He stole a pig at Jack's, right from under Jack's nose, and went and set down on 'tother side of the road with the pig under his arm, and twisted its tail to

make it squeal, like a feller playin' a bukkino, till Jack and his hired man and his wife come at him with pitchforks and clothes pounders, and then he give an extra twist of the pig's tail, tuckled the pig under his arm, and jogged away with it, playin' bukkino with it till he got out of sight in the woods and they couldn't hear the squealin' any more."

"Even then I says to myself that though I couldn't see where the writer could 'a been wanderin' so long, that bear was the Abe Van Ripper bear, 'cause seemed to me he showed his trainin'. Later on, when they had chased him over the line into another district, that bein' the best they could do with him, and the first thing he done there was to break into Sol Van Sicker's applejack stillery and enjoy himself for an hour or so, and folks said that now they'd be all right if bears was what they had heard they was, 'cause then there could be no doubt that this un had put hisself outside of three or four gallons of Sol's apple, and he'd have to turn to and kick the bucket."

"I was surer yet that this was the Abe Van Ripper bear, fer he didn't kick the bucket, though he had swigged his skin full of Sol's apple, all right."

"It'd be a shame to have to send him back dead," says I, "but them forty dollars 'd almost buy a farm, these times. I'll have to take his trail," says I.

"I folered that bear around the country a good while, and as I didn't see a head of his doin' anything more that showed stuff I begun to think that maybe he wasn't the Abe Van Ripper bear after all. Then I heard about his meetin' the Sprout Hill school marm in the road when she was goin' home and wouldn't let her go till he had hugged her good and strong, and I knowed there couldn't be no more doubt about that bein' the Abe Van Ripper bear, and I set out after him then fer fair."

"There was goin' to be a shootin' match at Sprout Hill New Year's, and as I was on my way over there to take a hand in it, I met a feller who said he was lookin' fer some one with a gun, for a bear had come down East, and he had to be shot, and he had a feed bag out of the barn, stuffed the ham in it and was makin' off across country with the feed bag and the ham slung across his shoulder."